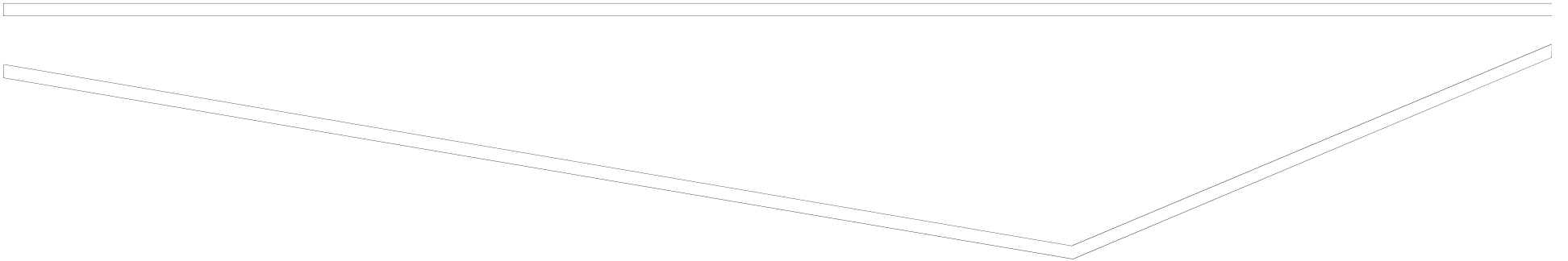


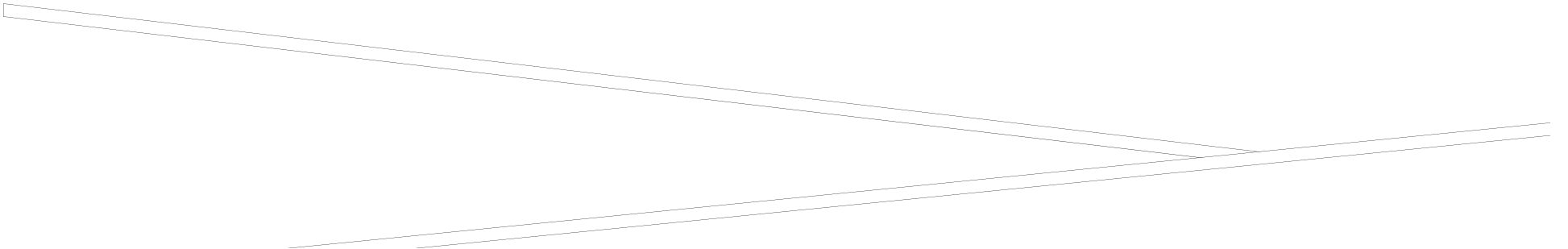
# VILLANELLE

a french form of poetry with 19 lines, two repeating lines and two refrains. The poem has 5 tercets (three line stanzas) ending in a quatrain.

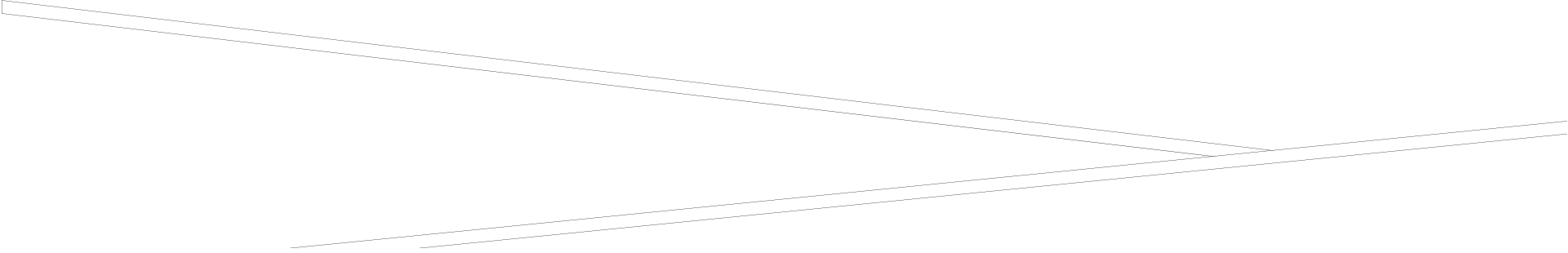


# RHYME SCHEME

**Aba aba aba aba aba abaa**



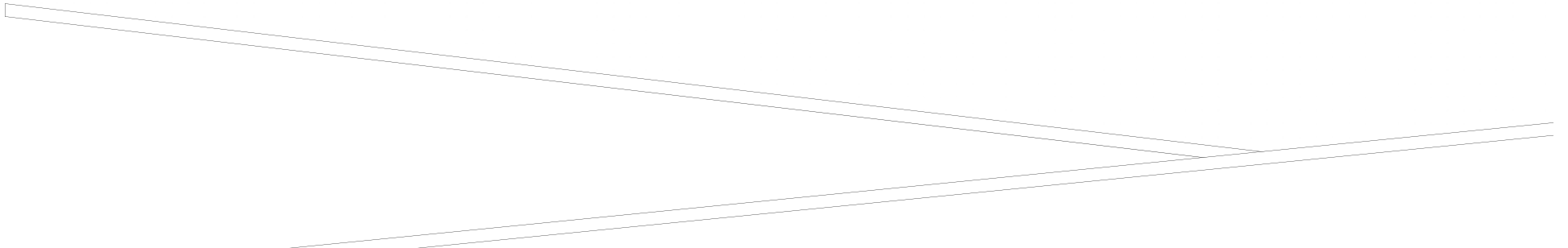
# LINE REPITION

- ▶ The first two “a” rhymes are repeated alternately at the ends of each following tercet, starting with line one.
  - ▶ Both lines are repeated, in order, as the final two lines of the poem.
- 

# PUT IT ALL TOGETHER

A1 b A2 / a b A1 / a b A2 / a b A1 / a b A2 / a b A1 A2

- ▶ Lower case letters are new lines.
- ▶ Upper case letters are repeated lines.
  - ▶ The numbers tell which line to repeat.



# ONE ART BY ELIZABETH BISHOP

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

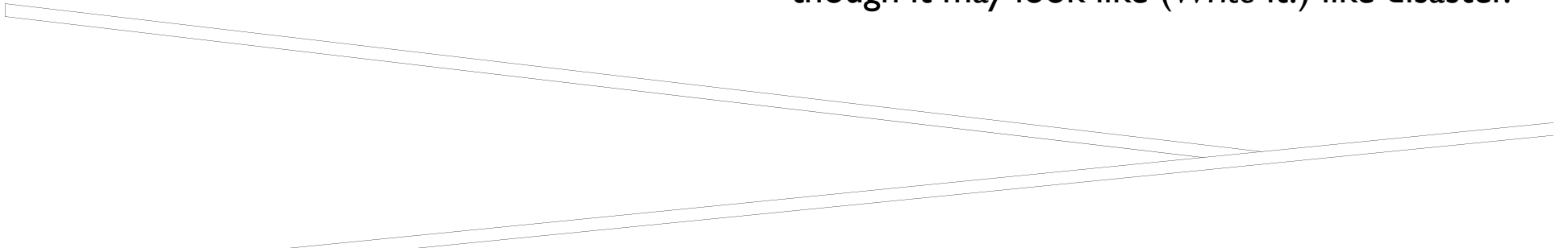
Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or  
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

--Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.



# *DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT*

## BY DYLAN THOMAS

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

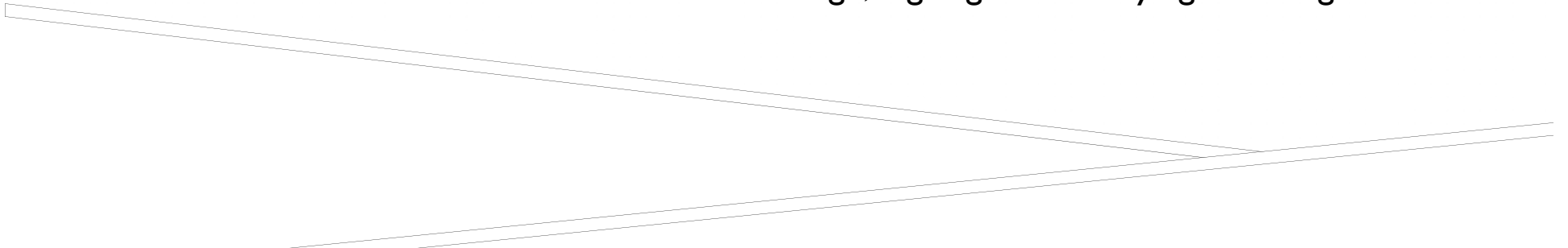
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.



# *THERE IS A GIRL* BY HEATHER ROMITO

There is a girl  
She smiles and blushes  
She is mine

She lets me hold her hand  
And kiss her lips  
There is a girl

She wraps her arms around my neck  
Like the ring around her finger  
She is mine

She loses her figure  
And has never been more beautiful  
There is a girl

She is tiny and wrinkly  
Downy hair on her head  
She is mine

I wrap my arms around her  
I could never leave her  
There is a girl  
She is mine

